chimney rocks rising out of it. Now that we are around it there are two. Sage brush again. Woops! Up against a mt. wall, but no the road turns off. Crossing the Rio Piedro we see a mill with wheel turning. Thru Yellow Jacket pass, dotted with small low grade coal mines. Climbing again. Lois says a mere nothing only 7,000 ft. The mts. now look a royal blue as we decend. Just gorgeous country. Every now & again a prosperous looking ranch with many log-god corrals. Sour apple juice smells so good. Open sided barns where wind all comes from the west. A

5

breathtaking sight! Houses on the crest of a hill silhouetted against the setting sun. A bit of construction. Now the mts. are a deep purple. All thru these small winding valleys the fertile cultivated fields are irrigated. Dry sage growing the other side of the road. Thru Durango, a narrow mining town where a large smelter is closed down. The sky now is filled with the most brilliant white clouds as we face the west.

We passed the most amazing little R.R.. Narrow gage rail

Rio Grande Southern

To begin with, very likely abandoned & taken up by a man who had an old Pierce Arrow with special wheels & cowcatcher hauling a truck trailer. Front mudguards still on. The whole business painted a snappy silver & he even had a little old lady passenger. Brent didn't have time to set his camera

Approaching Mesa Verde Nat. Pk. which juts upwards like a massive fortress. It looks very high from down here. Flat on top, sth. down, then out.

Up the incline, a more gradual incline than the others. I still get a little shaky going around those sheer curves when the car tips. The late sun brilliant on the dark green foliage. which grows shorter & shorter until it is a dwarf forest on the top. My only disappointment was the fact that when we arrived at the summit (20 miles up-up) we were not on top of the fortress we viewed from below. A young deer accompanied us down the road ahead of us quickly hid in the low growth.

8 – There has been so much to see in this beautiful spot I know I had a chance to record it all. First we secured our log cabins for the night they are very complete + quite artistic. Dinner at the lodge where I met Janet Boyd from Montclair who I used to go to art school with! I hadn't seen her since. She is staying at a ranch outside of Pagosa Springs where we stopped to day for gas. Robt. hurried us thru dinner so as not to miss the lecture + Indian ceremonial dance in the amphitheatre. We are here now. Comfortably provided with cushions, hats + rugs thru the open sky. The communal fire is burning + across the mesa a thin sliver of delicate moon is setting. This whole place is enchanting. Hooray starting.

930 I could take a whole note book to relate the interesting discourse of the ranger + the strange dance of the Navajos. To lord would

July 7th, Sunday

9:15 In the covered wagon again after a fascinating morning and evening. There is a unique quality to the atmosphere that I am completely in accord with. How I hate to go. It is entirely uncommercialized, beautifully maintained & laid out, & the people of a very high type. We were up about 6:30 to breakfast at the lodge. I finished early & had a chance to go out over the canyon edge for a quick sketch. Such a gorgeous sight, with the flat mesas back to the sky. And the canyons steep down golden edges crowned with the low juniper & pinon. At eight we were ready in line with the other cars to be led by an amiable, charming Ranger. A brilliantly warm day. First we visited an earth house, the earliest Basketmakers who came just as hunters & gradually became farmers. Not much to see except a circular excavation with a few narrow rocks piled on end & some holes. Very primitive packings, I say. Next we were warned if we didn't want to climb we should stay behind. No one did. Then we go down 3 seperate 10 ft. ladders hand lashed. The older women in

the pathy pretty game. Such fun clambering down around those narrow little ledges. Then came Needle Eye where the tourist people were directed another route than was the most fun of all. We had to walk sideways on a slant, using both hands to ease us along. Much joking, of course, between Brent & Edgar, but everyone got thru. Then suddenly (the way everything happens here) was Sq. Tower House. I think I forgot to mention that this whole park is dedicated to the preservation of the Indian Cliff-Dwellers Civilization. And here under a low hanging cave of the canyon rim the early Pueblo Indians built their homes. The rangers cleverly painted a very vivid picture of their life, philosophy, religion & customs which are very similar to the Navajos of today (borrowed) While all this was still fresh in our minds we visited the museum to actually see the mummies, the implements etc. Most interesting the sand paintings, I liked beautiful symetrical (modern) design made just by different colored grains of sand. Re-

markably precise. Then after a cool lunch we piled into the oven baked car & started down the steep winding road that leads off the beautiful mesa. Which brings me up to date 3.45 We are now skirting all around that high mesa (it really is) And on the left is a high castle like formation that juts up out of a sm. peak of barren land. This is all open range here. No fences houses, nothing as far as you can see. The country slightly rolling, sparsely tufted with small grass patches, & only

New Mexico

very now & then a wash down & a hump up. It really hot now. Whether it was the climb this am. or the heat now makes us all drowsy just the same. Now crossing the N. Mexico line & smack into a bumpy gravel road. Over to the rt. Shiprock rises straight up. We mount a slight hill & get a good view of the road stretching straight ahead to the horizon. Vast takes on new meaning. A green stretch turns out to be a sm. town where we stop to wet our dry throats with

CoCo's. Man they say temp 109½° !! We believe it but our better judgement doesn't. We're hot, but not dragged out, as at home. Road now oiled, better going. Shiprock area is something! The edges are absolutely chopped straight up & then it peaks up in high sharp pinnacles. The monotonous miles tick off. But as long as we are doing a steady 60 we can appreciate the beauty of the brown dried earth, only slightly green spreading to the sun which is very deep purple-reds in the shadow of the clouds to the west. Every now & then squatted on the flat arid land is an Indian hogan which we heard a description of last night. More massive hard rock structures standing straight up against the sky. Shiprock is miniature compared to the size of these & how blasé we've become about them. The dry mesa steps to the left now taking on a pinkish purple cast. To the right on the rim we can see a shower falling with the sunset showing them. Amazing! According to the map this is all Navajo Reservation. Edgar says he doesn't see how the people out here

no shower

make enough money to get from one town to the next. What people, very Quiet. A detour of newly oiled road makes us dumb & slide as we raise a bridal veil of dust behind. It's been cloudy now & a great many miles now resulting in greater comfort. We'll thank first when they lay gravel roads they chose to mean it! 82 miles out of Kirkwood we come at last to a good road! Over the crest of a hill everything is suddenly much greener. Entering Gallup which doesn't impress us very much. Just off Ind. Terr. Ind. asleep outdoors, in costume

July 8th

7- Cabins in this strange town. mileage today 179. Dimes looking up into high nuts. To-bed after welcome bath at 9:30 Adelle & I had the super cabin, tile bath etc.

5:50 Edgar had to wake us all up. My record broken. Breakfast where we ate last night & heading west again. Slow service at Harvey's. The countryside is very much the same except I feel we are retracing because the sun is now in back of us, of course. So, the poor Indian is correct according to the word desolate set aside by us for them

6:30

Arizona

According to our Ranger the old men might the women are the head of the Ind. families. The man marries in to her clan, she owns the house, cattle, children. If she wants to divorce him she packs his saddle out of the hogan. Along here we see only the women tending sheep, one with a papoose, another with her papoose in her arms.

7 – Now crossing the state line into Arizona. Better grazing country here for the larger herds of sheep & goats we see now. Every few 100 feet the Navajos have set up lean-tos covered with cedar branches & rugs hung down. Uneventful pinyon pines. Weavers at work.

8 – The flat sameness of the countryside has impelled Adelle & I to do crossword puzzles. But now we're nearing the famous Painted Desert. A bit of a disappointment to me, because we are viewing it directly with the sun. & the various mounds look flat. There are many millions of colors which no doubt show up more in a different light. Much petrified wood for sale. Sois-vides very sm. prices. Now entering Petrified Forest going south. More pinyons go thru here with eroded mounds looking like hay stacks or tepees, gray looking with veins of colored

We stop to make a side excursion walking up over the baked dried mounds, but no petrified wood. This is supposed to be Blue Forest. Can't stop at Bgate Bridge. Where many tales us we missed Bl. Forest's best part. We thought something wrong. Walked across the bridge just to say we did. We all admit it isn't what we expected. Then into Petrified Forest which is more like it. Saying in mass we change the basis plainly apparent. Pictures. The colors show up better too. Saw Eagles Nest Rock, a curious rock formation. Passing on we see whole huge trees the part all fitted together. Discussion on coniferous trees. Another stop at the Museum reveals the most gloriously colored polished examples fossiles + animal life found. It's hot! Pearly crystals, amathyst, moss agate. Up in back of museum seeing now on Old Faithful Log which is a huge complete tree fallen in 2 pieces - 7 ft dia. at base. This is all Rainbow Forest. The general characteristic color seems to be a rich br. red. Rolling again. The heat, when there is no hot breeze is terrific. You would think my cigarettes were a year old, they're so dry. This is extremely flat dry prairie

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